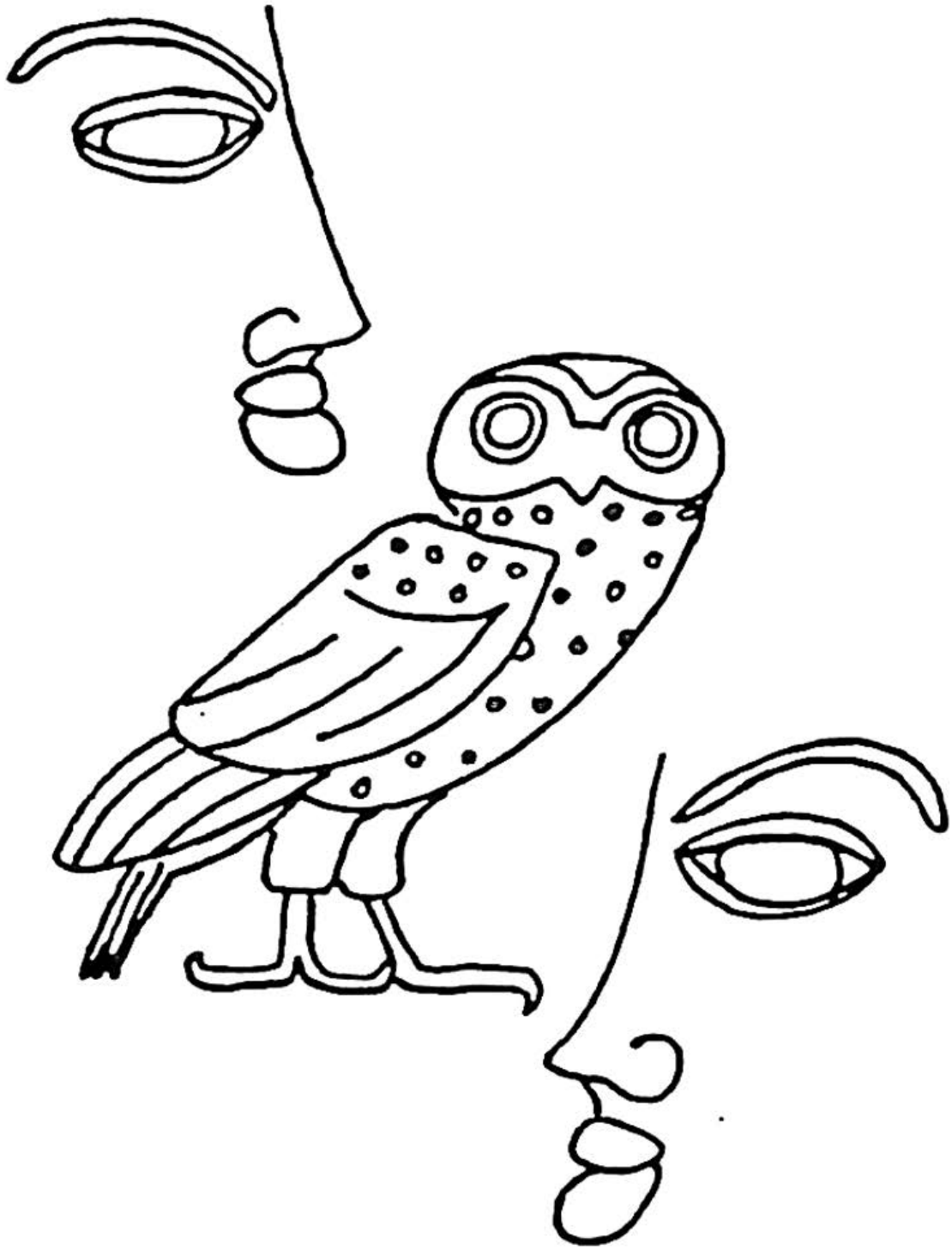
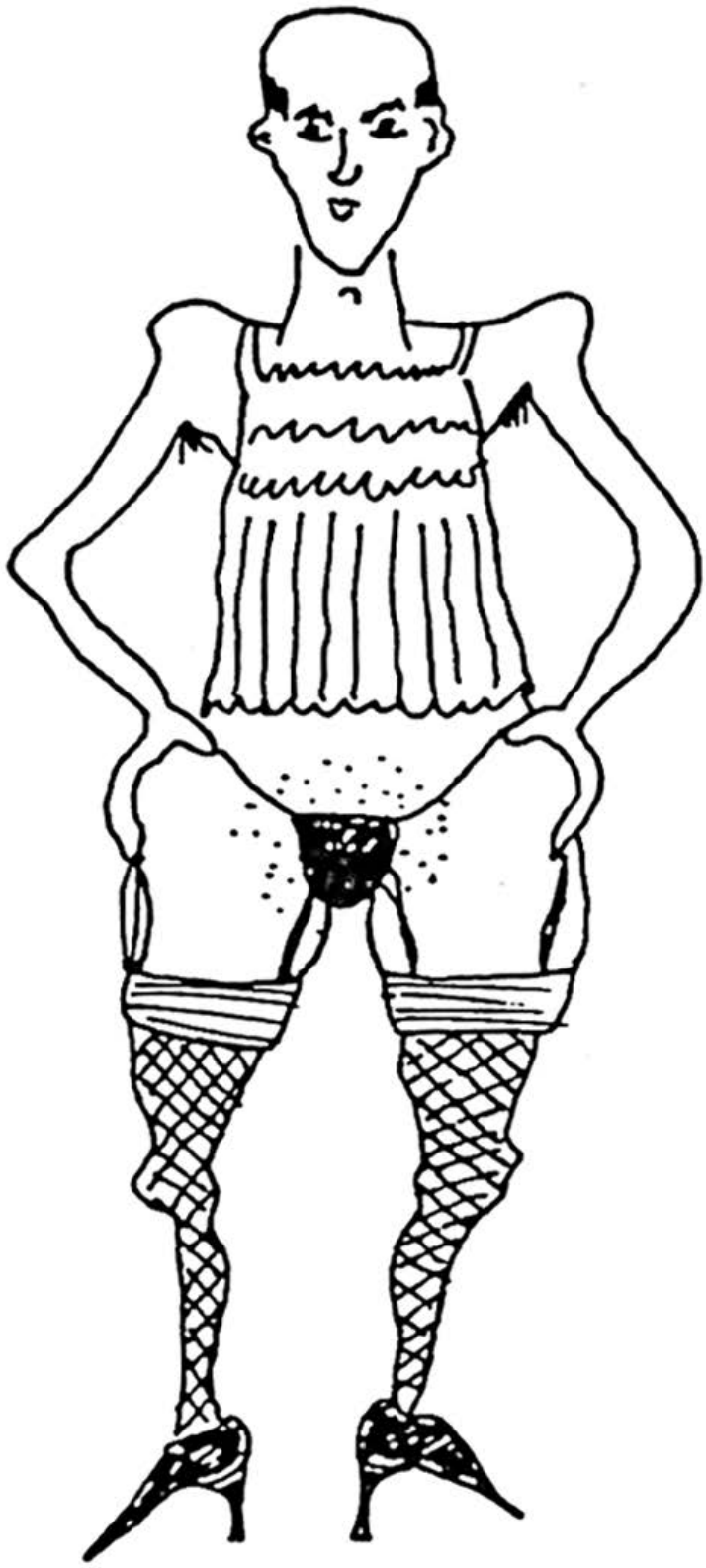
the basement

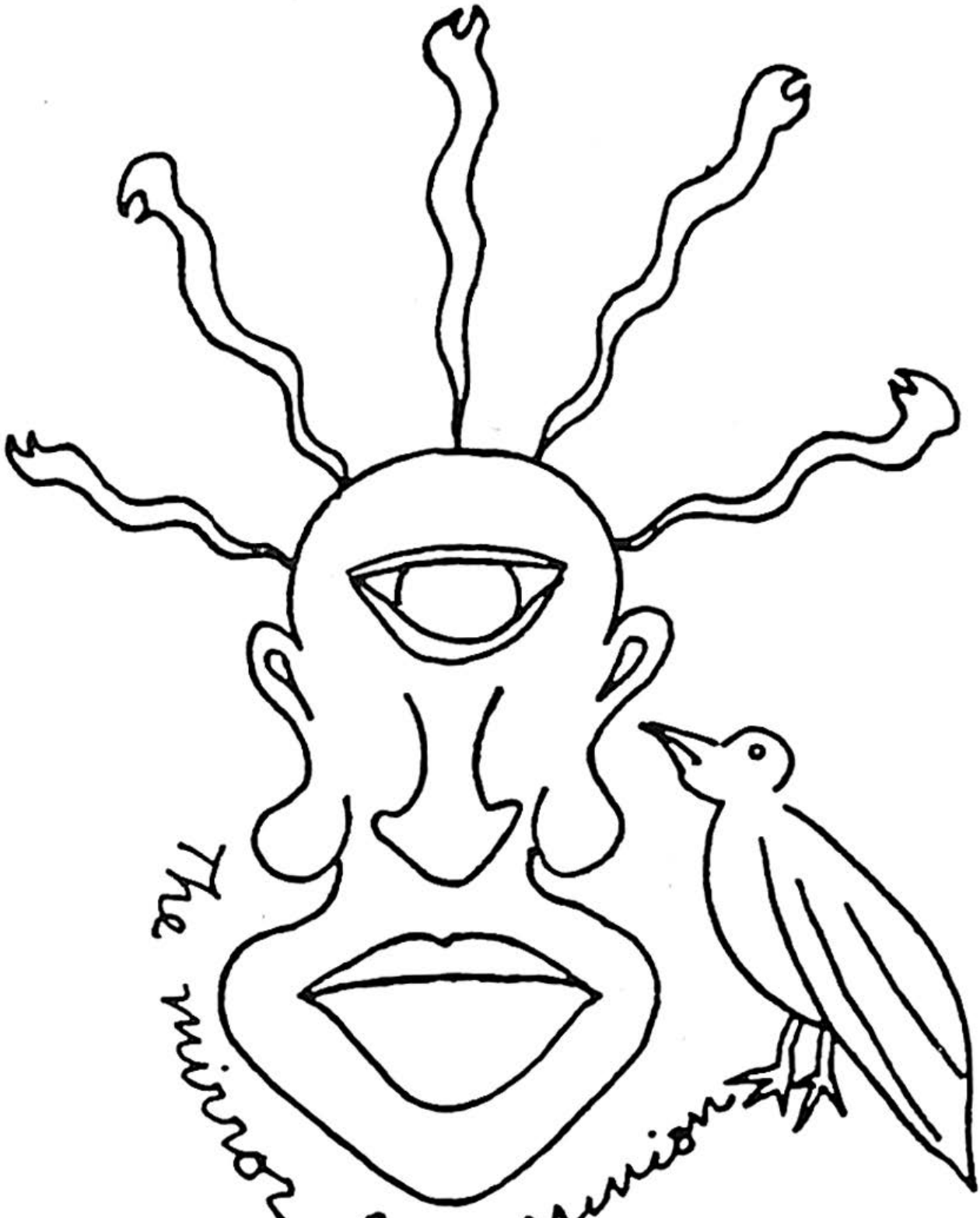
Descending



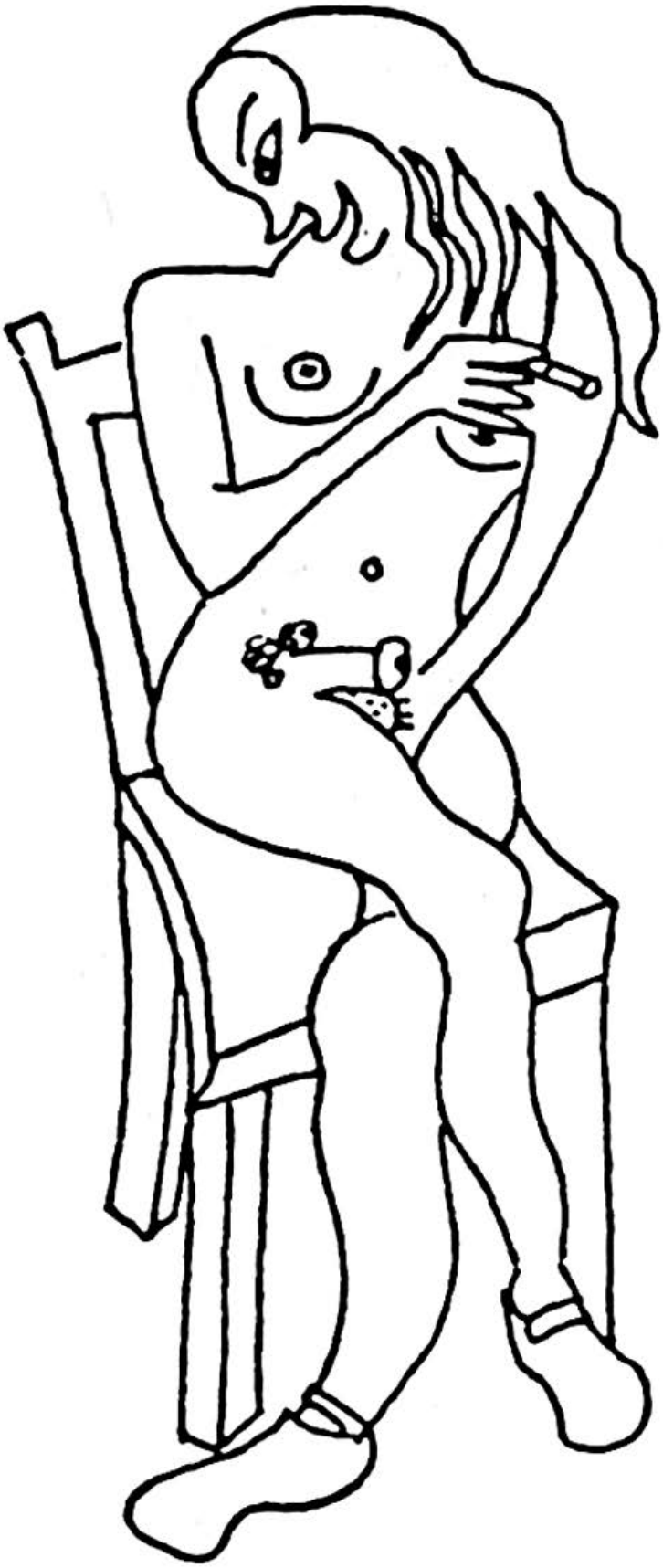
Who is the Other who stands beside me.



You cannot escape or elaborate the infinite forms of Nature.



There is no sin;
Everything is forgiven.



In the basement
a flower
Grows
Without Light
Its fleshlike
Petals
Reach out
to dark and damps.

The Basement by John Eberly.
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